

The Tragedie of Hamlet

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peeuish opposition
Take it to heart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the World take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going backe to schoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrograd to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eie,
Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our sonne.

Qu. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madame.

King. Why, tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Madame come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocund health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day,
But the great Canon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the Heauen shal brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flourish. Exeunt all.*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, but *Hamlet*.
Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His Cannon gainst seake slaughter, O God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this World?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded Garden,
That growes to seed, things ranke & grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereely that it should come thus

But

Prince of Denmarke.

But two moneths dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, so louing to my mother,
That he might not bereeme the winds of Heauen
Visit her face too roughly: heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't; frailtie thy name is woman
A little month. Or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niebo* all teares, why shee
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a moneth,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauled eies
She married Oh! most wicked speed; to post
With such dexteritie to incestuous sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernarado.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship. (selfe.)

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemy say so,
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elsonoure*?

Wele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

B. 3

Horat.